

# CHEM FALL 1968

## CHOW #14

### VOL. XX XXXX

#### TRASH PO JOURNAL



risk cumberbun

insensitive and did you but incorrigible  
nineteen-spewing from the moreover  
don't even thinking fuck about it

grstl f mpc cndnstn  
ieo (y)oi oeaio

( , or )

curling open like a is connected to  
your is stapled to  
perfect like a platypustule recorded on flaming into  
wanted to  
slim-fast to

monkey-wrench to  
custard-flavoured to

that will be £6.98 which is  
to say \$13.17  
thank you very who should  
we bomb much next



KAMOG! M...  
KAMOG! M...



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May, A.Da. 100

A.H. 185

2015 C.E.



FLUX CLUB

mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press

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ADD & PASS ADD & PASS ADD & PASS ADD & PASS ADD & PASS





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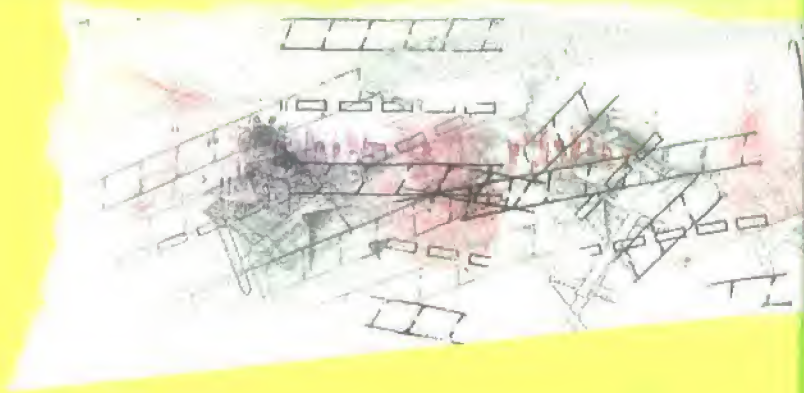
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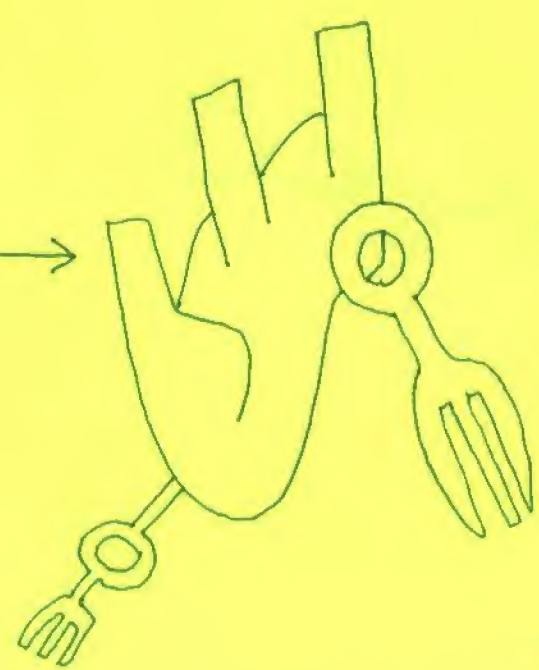
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FX IOM



CLUX





A CLUE

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ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

A CLUE

ADD & PASS

A CLUE

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS



Olchar E. Lindsann

ME.  
AT.

# Meat

LESS

RI.  
SK.

# Risk

Look Hard Tryin'

Look Hard Tryin'

Look Hard Tryin'

Look Hard Tryin'

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

ADD & PASS

## Meat Tattoo

in the valley they are beating the giant elcan-rab  
the slab  
the rumpled latches of our seventeen toes to the stars  
and in the maw of your skull  
the valley is beating an intricate tattoo creeps along the edisni of the  
parched skin of a tribe of nostrils is dancing round the bonfire of  
your or discarded toupee  
they say  
that the sky has never when it wrapped itself around your temples  
resound with  
the sound with  
the vibrations of an enigmatic and unsteadily churling out of fear  
and a song  
and a dancing fetus that has leapt higher than that thin single gash  
of an angel  
where all of our steadifores kiss  
like racetracks exhausted after an outlawed solar designation  
and like a wall of srimip disavowal

I have thrown out

all the aas  
all the ees  
all the iis  
all the oos  
all the uus

and the yys are still hiding here somewhere I haven't a clue

and you  
and they

and we surround the massively and also but only  
and plummet like a naval conundrum  
there is paint gnibog my ears  
my tympondum is panning  
do you hear it  
sounds like a yellow cough



monocle  
press

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